

In the silence of the night,
While I slept, my heart awoke,
And a face long lost from sight—
Like a star the darkness broke—
Then I felt her love unfold me
In the bliss I used to know,
When her eyes and lips consoled me
With the smile of long ago.

As her gaze grew more intense
All the past was mine once more,
Calling back to soul and sense
Love's so long forgotten lore—
Vanished memories came thronging
Warm and sweet as youth's first glow;
Till my life dissolved in longing
For the kiss of long ago.

But I sighed and strove in vain,
For her face grew far away,
And I wakened in my pain
To the cold, unhappy day;
Then I rose like one still dreaming,
Weary with a weight of woe;
Through my heavy eyelids streaming
Flowed the tears of long ago.

—Temple Bar.

GISEBERT AND GILLIAN.

In an antiquated street of the queerest and quaintest of all the New England towns—I mean the old seaport town of Marblehead—stood the house. Tall, steep-roofed, and many windowed, with its face to the rocky harbor, and its back, as it seemed, turned on the cottages of the shoemakers and the fishermen, it was always an air of antique grandeur and gentility, quite in keeping with the character of its owner; for Capt. Elkanah Endicott, master of the staunch trader Mary Jane, and a lineal descendant of that Massachusetts governor who hung the Quakers upon Boston common, was as proud and uncompromising a tyrant as ever trod a quarter-deck. A wide hall stretched through the house, with broad, shallow stairs, and a tiled fire-place, painted with scriptural scenes. All the rooms were wainscoted, and crossed by massive beams. Beautiful foreign knick-knacks abounded in them, along with chairs and chests of drawers, as old as Cotton Mather's time. The windows had deep-cushioned seats, wherein Gillian the sole daughter of the house, was wont to sit and watch the coasters and fishing-boats, and listen to the wild easterly storms rioting up and down the crazy, straggling streets of the town.

"She is like her father," Aunt Constance was wont to say, "but with a difference."

The captain's wife had been dead for many years. His household consisted of his daughter, his sister-in-law, who acted as housekeeper and governess, and Keturah, who had served the family for half a century. Gillian was just thirteen when Capt. Elkanah wrote from Martinique the following letter which a home-ward-bound ship brought in due season to the Marblehead house:

"DEAR SISTER-IN-LAW: I take my pen in hand to let you and the little one know that the Mary Jane and I are anchored safe in Port Royal harbor, after a perilous voyage, wherein we nearly foundered in a hurricane in the Caribbean, and also lost at Santa Cruz, two seamen by yellow-jack, which misfortunes I ascribe to the rage in which I got with Keturah, and the oaths I let fly at her about packing my sea-chest on the day I left Marblehead."

"I wish you to give her a Spanish doublet out of my strong box, and tell her to send me favoring winds and good health, and I'll remember her still further when I go home."

"Last night I went ashore to dine at the house of my old friend, St. Cyr, the richest planter on the island, and a member of the privy council. He is in great trouble about his son, a likely, mettlesome lad, who has been reading sea-yarns and is wild, in consequence, to become a sailor. Mme. St. Cyr, the daughter of the governor, and the grandest lady on the island, had thought to send the boy, this same year, to France, to there complete his education, and marry his cousin, and she is almost out of her wits. As young Gisbert will listen to no reason, monsieur and madame have decided to cure him of his folly by sending him on a voyage with me, which, be sure, I shall take care to make a bitter pill for his proud young stomach. Get the house ready for a guest, for I shall bring him when I come. He is sixteen years old, and so well bred that he will give you no trouble. You may expect us about the 1st of October. Yours in command."

ELKANAH ENDICOTT.

"Martinique!" meditated Aunt Constance, as she smoothed the letter out upon her knee, "that is one of the Caribbean Islands. The people are French creoles. Poor boy! we must do our best to give him a hearty welcome."

"I hope he is nice," said Gillian, knitting her smooth brows; "I am sure he must be if he is fond of sea stories. Papa will make him scour the decks, and climb the masts in storms, and all that, I suppose."

"Very likely. Run, my dear, and get the doublet."

Gillian ran to the cabinet where the captain's strong-box was kept, and brought the gold piece twinkling in her hand.

"News, Keturah! news from papa!" she cried flying off to the kitchen.

Capt. Elkanah might boast descent from a Massachusetts governor—Keturah's, his servant, was of the Massachusetts kings. Their blood still showed it in her high cheek bones and black, deepest eyes, and in the brown skin which hung upon her neck like tanned leather. She was an old woman—a hundred years old, at the very least, it seemed to Gillian. She always wore a cotton gown of bright pattern, a scarlet handkerchief pinned upon her bosom, and a necklace of colored beads. Aunt Constance called her a witch. Capt. Elkanah—superstitious like all sailors, held her in wholesome awe. Gillian, whose nurse she had been, loved her.

The Deaf-Blind's Journal.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—CICERO.

VOLUME V.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, AUG. 17, 1876.

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"Keturah," said she, waltzing across the hearth, "did you send the hurricane and the fever to papa's ship because he swore at you the day he went away?"

"The hurricane and the fever!—they are God's messengers. Would they come or go at my bidding, do you think?"

"No," answered Gillian, meditatively; "but papa said so, and here's a doubloon for you."

"Tut! tut!" snapped Keturah; "let him keep his money;" nevertheless, she put it in her pocket.

"So he's sailing home across the seas, eh! and bringing with him a stranger—one from far away?"

Gillian stared at her in amazement. "Oh, Keturah!" she cried, "how did you know? We have but just read the letter."

"The fire told me!" said Keturah, laughing wildly; "you may expect them with the next moon, lady-bird."

Sure enough, one October night, when the harvest crescent was shining on the harbor waves, Capt. Elkanah came home. With a great bluster, like a north-easter blowing, he burst in upon Aunt Constance and his daughter, swinging in one hand a cage holding a white parrot, and followed by a pale, disheveled lad, with fair hair, and the look and mien of the Prince Perfect of Gillian's fairy tales.

"How dy'e do, sister-in-law?" cried Capt. Elkanah; and he gave his rough paw to Aunt Constance, and then bent to smack Gillian's dog-rose cheek. "Hallo, little one! You're as pretty as a pink! Here's M. Gisbert. He's been sick ever since he left Martinique," adding in a lower voice, "and if I haven't cured him of his hankering for blue water, I'll eat the island and all its mountains."

Aunt Constance, sweet, motherly soul, hastened to take the young creole's hand and lead him to the fire.

"Dear me!" she began compassionately, "How ill you look! You have had a rough voyage. Welcome to—"

But here she paused, for, with a faint attempt to raise her hand to his lips, young monsieur reeled toward the chair, and fell in a dead faint. The voyage had been too much for the son of the island planter. He lay without breath or motion, his face like the dead.

Gillian, in great fright, mixed with pity screamed out:

"Oh, papa—you dreadful papa! you've killed him!" and began to wring her hands.

Aunt Constance alone preserved her senses.

"It is a swoon," she said; "he is quite exhausted. Run for the smelling-salts, and burnt feathers, and Keturah."

In came Keturah, and slapped his hands, and burnt feathers under his nose, till his lids lifted, and he looked around. His wondering, homesick gaze turned from object to object, until it rested upon Gillian—Gillian, leaning over him, in a cloud of shining hair, tears on her lashes, and a smile parting her red young mouth.

"See!" she cried; "he is better."

The young creole lifted himself to look at her.

"Oh!" he breathed in slow delight, "who are you?"

"I am Gillian," she answered—"Gillian Endicott."

"Shall I see you as long as I stay here?"

"Every day."

"Cull! what happiness!" he murmured, and fell back fainting again.

This was how he came to the old northern seaport. Aunt Constance petted him with motherly tenderness; even Capt. Elkanah was kind; and as for Gillian, from the first hour of his arrival the two adored each other.

One day they quarrelled. Gisbert took his flute and went off to a lonely corner, and began to play a wild, wailing improvisation, which pierced to the window where Gillian sat sulking. She would not turn or look. He played on awhile, the sweet notes growing sadder and sadder, but still she did not heed. Then he flung the instrument from him, and crossed to her side.

"If you do not forgive me at once," he begged through his teeth, "I will throw myself from the rocks!"

"You dare not!" she answered scornfully.

His violet eyes grew black with rage.

"Do you mean that? Ah bien—you shall see," said he.

And, turning on his heel, he was tearing off in very truth, when she following after, flung herself upon him.

"Stop!" she sobbed, "oh, stop, Gisbert! I only am to blame. Forgive me!"

He snatched her in his arms and kissed away her tears.

"Ah! have I made you weep?" he cried, remorsefully.

"Why do you treat me so? When you are kind to me I am in heaven; when you flout me, I am ready to die."

On another occasion when Aunt Constance was taking her peaceful after-dinner nap, this pair of young creatures slipped out of the house and dived until they reached a wharf, where Gisbert, who had a plentiful supply of pocket money, hired a boat. The two scrambled into it, and, having set the sail, went dancing off through the sunshine.

"You love the sea," cried Gillian, "and so do I—oh, so much! Let us go on a voyage together."

"To do that," said Gisbert, "we must have a compass and a bag of sea-biscuits."

"We can stop for them at the nearest port."

He looked doubtfully across the gray waters.

"If you wish it, that is enough; I will go with you to the end of the world."

Then a flaw of wind struck the boat and capsized it, and the next instant the two were struggling in the water. The French lad rose to the surface like a duck, and struck out for a crop of hazel hair floating on a great wave near by. He seized it as it was sinking and held it fast. The tide was setting strong against him; the shore looked far, far away. Nevertheless, he started for it gallantly.

"Let me go," cried Gillian; "you will drown if you do not."

"Then I will drown," he answered, holding her closer still.

He was a superb swimmer, but the odds were fearfully against him.

"Save yourself!" still entreated Gillian.

"Never—without you!" he replied indignantly.

Some fishermen in a distant boat had seen the calamity. They tacked now, and came hastening to the rescue. More dead than alive, the two were drawn out of the water and carried back to the house.

They sat battling, one night, over a set of superb chessmen which Gisbert had brought from Martinique, when Aunt Constance began to talk to her guests about his island home.

"You will go back to your dear mother," said she, "and never again think of the sea."

"Ah, madame, how could I think of you and Gillian, and not of the sea which will be between us?"

"Well, you will never again cross mamma's wishes?"

He hesitated; the blood leaped into his blonde face.

"I cannot promise that, for she has set her heart upon marrying me to my cousin."

Gillian looked up quickly.

"And do you wish it?" she asked.

"No," said Prince Perfect.

"Do you not love her?" urged Gillian.

"She sits down his eyes, and looked red and rebellious."

"She lives in Paris. She is a great heiress; but she has also a crooked back. No, I do not love her at all; it was to escape her that I wished to go to sea."

A heavy step sounded in the hall, and Capt. Elkanah, grizzled and bluff, unbentoned his overcoat and walked in.

With a certain exhalation in his manner, he advanced to the fire, rubbing his hands.

"I've done it, sister-in-law," he announced, briefly.

"Done—what?" queried Aunt Constance.

"Made an investment, ma'am—salted down ten thousand dollars for our old age. I was dining to-day with Fordham. There was a State-street broker in the company. He talked bonds to me, and I listened."

Then he caught sight of Keturah, who was just bringing in the light.

"Hey!" cried he; "have I done a good thing, to-day, Keturah, or have I not?"

She looked him over carefully with her cunning black eyes, then seized the poker, and, plunging it into the fire, sent a shower of sparks dancing up the chimney.

"There's your money," she answered, "gone."

"What do you mean?" cried Capt. Elkanah, slapping his breast, angrily. "The bonds are a good investment—I've the word of honest men for it!"

"Honest men," scoffed Keturah, "are hard to find in these days. You'll never see your money again," and she turned and vanished from the room.

The creole boy was full of extravagant ways and fiery tempers as an egg of meat.

Aunt Constance used to wonder if all French people were like him. He would sit for hours sketching portraits of Gillian, and then tear up his work in a fury, because, as the child saucily said, he could not make her pretty enough. His fondness for her, his admiration of her beauty, knew no bounds. Often he astonished the grizzled captain, and deeply perplexed Aunt Constance.

"They are a perfect pair," Keturah was wont to mutter, as she watched the two children—"a perfect pair—made by the good Lord for each other."

One night Gillian went to bed with her head full of Aunt Constance's ghost stories. In the dead of night Gisbert dreamed that he saw an angel hovering with outspread wings upon a pinnacle. He awoke with a great start, and ran to his window.

As he looked forth into the night, lo! in the open space before the window he saw a human shadow, hung from some point high above, moving back and forth in the moonlight.

It was very cold. The boy dressed hastily, and stepped out into the passage. Gillian's door stood wide open, and the room within was empty. Familiar by this time with all the winding ways of the house, he stopped only to cry out at Aunt Constance's door, "Arise, madame, something has happened!" and then hurried to the attic. As he mounted its stair, a rush of cold wind greeted him. The

scuttle was standing open, and a ladder rested against it. The French lad climbed the rounds and looked out.

The steep roof, with its covering of mingled snow and ice, shone in the moonlight like pearl. Far to one end, poised upon the dizzy edge, as if by heavenward flight, like the angel of which he had dreamed, stood Gillian. She was in her night clothes, and her white feet were bare. Her hazel curls streamed around her shoulders. Her face was peaceful and pale; the eyes were closed; a faint smile hovered on the calm, red lips. The child was walking in her sleep—upon that steep and icy roof, where an inadvertent movement might plunge her down—where the next step was death!

For a moment Gisbert stood petrified; then he dropped his shoes, and, nimble as a cat, he sprang upon the roof. It was as slippery as glass. Inch by inch he climbed and clung, drawing nearer and nearer to her.

Would she walk straight off the dizzy edge, or would some invisible hand hold her there till he could reach her? He crept on—he touched her night-dress, then balanced himself firmly, and grasped her with both hands.

She awoke, with a frightened scream. He held her fast, and, retracing his steps, lowered her through the scuttle, around which the whole household was now gathered.

"That was well done!" commented Capt. Elkanah, as the young hero descended the ladder.

As for Aunt Constance, she rushed at him and hugged him till he was breathless.

"You brave boy!" she sobbed; "you splendid boy! What do we not owe you for this?"

Well, the weeks crept on, and the sojourn of the planter's son at the old New England house drew near its close.

In the attic, already mentioned, stood a cedar chest, with curious brass mountings and a spring lock, but the key was lost, as both of the children had heard. They were rioting through the house, one afternoon, when Gillian crept into this fragrant retreat to hide. Down upon her, swift as lightning, banged the lid. Gisbert ran through the attic, searching and calling her in vain. At last he heard, or fancied he heard, a faint noise from the chest. He tried the lid and found it fast.

"Mon Dieu!" cried he, and flew for a hatchet and a box of tools which he had seen among the rubbish of the place. He hacked and sawed away the lock and released the prisoner, but not until the blood spouted in a stream from his own hands and Gillian was nearly suffocated. The two came gliding down stairs in the gloaming, very pale and subdued, and found Capt. Elkanah standing on the hearth, talking with his sister-in-law.

"Come, young monsieur," he cried, at the sight of Gisbert, "make your adieu with the little one! To-morrow you will be on your way to Martinique."

The lad staggered back a step.

"I will not go!" he gasped.

"Hey!" cried Capt. Elkanah; "what would monsieur, your father, and madame, your mother, say, should I appear in Port Royal harbor without you?"

"I cannot go!" he persisted; "I cannot leave Gillian."

"My dear," said Aunt Constance, "sometime you will come and see us again."

With such breath as remained to her, Gillian began to sob and roar. As for young monsieur, in mingled French and English, he continued to reiterate his determination to remain unless Gillian should be allowed to go with him.

When Aunt Constance pronounced this impracticable, he seized all his beautiful curved chessmen and flung them into the fire, crying out: "Nobody shall touch them after her!" and then sent his flute on the same journey, with, "None shall hear me play it again," after which he flung himself down, tearing his fair hair in misery.

Then he fled from them all, and hid himself in a nook of the dark staircase, and mingled her tears with his. The next morning they parted.

"You must wait for me!" whispered the pale lips of the creole boy, in the ear of the weeping Gillian. "I adore you! I will come back some day."

"No," she sobbed; "you will marry your cousin and forget me. I shall never see you again!"

"I will come back," he repeated; "I swear it!"

Aunt Constance embraced him, and bade him be a good boy henceforth, and mind his mamma.

Keturah, in the background, called out to the captain:

"When we see you again, master, you will be upon four legs."

"Four legs?" cried the captain.

"What, am I to be turned out to grass, like Nebuchadnezzar?"

"What's writ is writ," said Keturah, enigmatically.

Then they went their way, and the good ship Mary Jane sailed down past the forts and islands of Boston harbor, and Gillian's fairy prince, with his blonde face and his tropic heart, faded out of her life like a Jendid dream.

That was Capt. Elkanah's last voyage. Paralysis seized him on shipboard, and when he came back to the Marblehead

house Keturah's prophecy was verified; for he could move only on crutches, and the old life was over for Capt. Elkanah. It was a terrible blow. Then, too, his investment had proved unlucky. Loss of money was added to loss of strength, and his temper, savage enough at all times, now became diabolic. Dark days—days of sickness and trouble—had come to the old house.

No word from Martinique ever reached Gillian. She wore a ring which Gisbert had sent her on her father's return. All that the girl knew of her lover was that he had been sent to complete his education in France before the Mary Jane weighed anchor for home. He was rarely mentioned now in the house, except by the parrot, who, in certain moods, would still call out for "Gisbert, Gisbert!" at which the tears always started in Gillian's eyes.

She was just seventeen, oval-faced, newly-skinned, and with plenty of fine manners and graces, when John Fordham first saw her. It was a winter twilight. With a sort of proud patience in her face, she was sitting by the captain's side, reading to him by the light of the open fire. Her elocution, it seemed, had failed to satisfy him, and he was just lifting his crutch, to reprove her with a blow, when Keturah ushered this stranger into the room. He strode across the hearth, and seized the old man's arm.

"Good God, sir!" he cried, "you would not strike a creature like this?"

Capt. Elkanah stared up into the shocked, red-bearded face of the new-comer.

"Why not?" he answered peevishly. "She's my daughter; and I may do with her as I like. Ah, Mr. John, see what a wreck I have become! I shall never walk the deck of the old Mary Jane again!"

John Fordham kept his fascinated eyes on Gillian. Rising from her chair, pale and unspcakably lovely, she returned the look in amazement.

"I am the owner of the Mary Jane," he stammered. "I come to pay my respects to the man whom my father used to call the best sailor that ever trod a quarter-deck."

He was a stout, good-looking fellow of thirty, with a florid face and kind blue eyes. Gillian bowed, and retreated into the nearest window.

"I never knew before that you had a daughter," said Fordham to the captain.

"Ay," answered he; "she's the last of the stock, and she'll be next door to a beggar when I go."

Fordham remained to tea. He talked principally to the captain and Aunt Constance, but he looked only at Gillian. When he had taken his departure, Capt. Elkanah called his daughter to his side, and eyed her closely and critically.

"Bless my soul! you've grown up!" he cried.

"Yes, papa," said Gillian.

"And you not ugly either! We must be looking out for a husband for you—eh, sister-in-law?"

"There is no hurry," replied Aunt Constance; "she is but seventeen."

John Fordham came again, and delicately apprized the captain that he had settled upon him an annuity for past services.

"I am only sorry," said he, "that I did not think of it before. But I have been abroad for years, and knew nothing about my father's affairs until his death."

After this he became a constant visitor. His purpose was understood by all save Gillian.

Sometimes he found her reading to the savage old captain, or trying to amuse him with chess, or cribbage, or piquet; and then he would take her book, or board, or cards, with such eagerness, such evident desire to relieve her for a little, that she could not but be grateful. Sometimes she sat in her favorite window-seat, with the white Martinique parrot on her shoulder, and her eyes fixed in a far, dreamy gaze upon the sea. Sometimes she worked at bits of sewing or embroidery, like other women, or played at an old piano. But whatever she was doing, John Fordham's eyes dwelt upon her with deep and steadily increasing passion.

An inkling of the truth first came to her, one blustering night. With a clank of scabbles thrown over his arm, and his good-natured face red by the frost, John Fordham entered.

"How I wish," he said, as he crossed to Gillian's corner, "that you would end look that you were glad to see me, Miss Endicott!"

She did not withdraw her eyes from the darkening waters.

"I cannot be otherwise than glad," she answered; "for your visits here are a great comfort to papa."

"And are they nothing to you?" he asked.

"Oh, yes!" she answered. "You are the only person in the world who takes the trouble to visit us."

"Why are you always gazing at that sea?" he murmured, "like Hero watching for Ledaire? I wish you would look at me in fact, Gillian."

He got her hand somehow betwixt his own.

She drew it away.

"Gillian, pretty Gillian!" called the

Martinique parrot, sleepily, from her cage overhead.

"Gillian, darling Gillian!" groaned John Fordham, in a miserable, tremulous voice, and he laid his hot lips upon that banished hair.

She sat for an instant as if thunder-struck; then started to her feet, flashed him one strange, astonished look, and was gone before he could utter so much as a word.

The next time he came Gillian would not see him.

"She has a headache," whispered Aunt Constance, deprecatingly, to the captain, "and has gone to bed."

"Go up and bring her down," he answered.

Aunt Constance went, but returned again alone.

"She will not come," was the message she telegraphed him across John Fordham's shoulders.

Capt. Elkanah seized his crutch and hobbled out of the room and up the stairs to the door of Gillian's chamber. He flung it open without ceremony and stepped in.

She lay on her white pillow, reading her bible by the light of a candle. With a face like a thunder-cloud, he advanced, and lifted his crutch, and shook it over her head.

"Get up!" he commanded.

"Oh, papa, papa!" cried Gillian, frightened at his look.

"Get up, I tell you, and come down to John Fordham! You think because I am crippled that you can defy me, eh! You shall see!"

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

HENRY C. RIDER, Editor and Proprietor.
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MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, AUG. 17, 1876.

Specimen copy sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

Church Service for Deaf-mutes.

Rev. Dr. Gallaudet will conduct a service for deaf-mutes in the Chapel of the Good Shepherd, Boston, on Sunday, the 27th inst., at 3 o'clock P. M.

The Itinerizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column; mark items so sent: *The Itinerizer*.

A thief was caught recently in New York, and forced to disclose the place where he kept his plunder. It was a room in Pearl St., and on entering the officers found a woman, a deaf-mute, who was an admirer of his thiefship, full of hopes that he would one day marry her.

The new matron of the Wisconsin Institution is Miss — ROGERS, of Pongkeepsie, N. Y. Mrs. HILL, the last incumbent, having resigned at the close of the last school year.

MISS — KENNEDY, a member of the Chicago Deaf-Mute Society, and a resident of Evanston, Ill., is very low with consumption. Doubts of her recovery are entertained.

FRANK D. MORGAN, of Binghamton, N. Y., a pupil of the Central New York Institution for Deaf-mutes, has been visiting New York, Brooklyn, Cape May, Lewis, Delaware. From Cape May he goes to the Philadelphia Centennial to view the big show.

Rev. Dr. Gallaudet Goes a Fishing.

Dr. Gallaudet being in New London, Conn., went one day last week, in company with some of his friends, to enjoy the pleasure of blue-fishing. All had a warm time, and the Doctor returned with his face sun-burnt, but the twenty-seven blue fish which he caught himself, he thought, compensated him for the discomforts of hot weather.

Please Lend Me Your Paper.

BE LOYAL TO YOUR OWN INTERESTS.

A few weeks since business transactions called us to a large city in this State. While busily vending our way through the crowded walks, we chanced to pass a friend's house, and, although having but little spare time as we only spent one day in the city, we dropped in, for a few moments, to greet some old deaf-mute acquaintances. After a hearty greeting by the family, the hostess introduced a subject relating to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL. Having for a long time been a subscriber to the JOURNAL, she took the occasion to express her admiration of it, and to express her kind wishes for its future success. She also expressed the decided detestation with which she regarded the big game spirit of some deaf-mutes, who are willing and anxious to read the JOURNAL, but at the same time are too stingy to pay for it. The lady explained that every week with promptness and eagerness worthy of more noble and whole-souled aspirations, about a dozen deaf-mute acquaintances, able-bodied men but mean-spirited spongers, were regular business of calling at her house to devour the contents of her paper. The lady is not in the least parsimonious, nor in any event inclined to be disabbling, but wonders why those friends of hers, most, if not all, of whom spend each week from one to two dollars for various useless trifles, do not act better the part of true men and take \$1.50 each, subscribe and pay for the JOURNAL for one year, assert their manhood by reading their own paper, and prove their fealty to their deaf-mute companions by the loyal and hearty support of the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, which is by far a greater boon to the deaf and dumb than a source of revenue to its proprietor. This Christian friend and accomplished deaf-mute lady also verified the statement made to us by other persons and alluded to heretofore in our columns, that a collusion exists between some subscribers, and some who are not such, to cripple the paper's income by the former first reading the JOURNAL, and then dividing the profits by afterwards selling it to the latter at a price varying from fifty to seventy-five cents according to the pre-arrangements of the parties.

Observation and corroborating statements of many true friends of the JOURNAL sufficiently demonstrate the fact that in the territory embraced within

The Dumb Speak.

From the New York Observer, July 27, 1876.

Make the sounds, with your lips and tongue, of *ma, pa, ba*, and you will perceive that they are each and all apparently made with the same organs and motions. But the deaf and dumb who learn to read from the lips, so as to understand what is said to them without hearing a word, will detect the difference, while those who can hear, cannot see that any variation is made in the shape of the mouth, or in the use of the tongue.

One of the most interesting and instructive hours of my life has just now passed. Adjoining the Round Hill Hotel, at Northampton, Mass., where I am spending a few days, is the Clarke Institution for Deaf-mutes. It takes its name from a benevolent man who gave \$350,000 for its establishment, and it receives pupils who are supported by their friends or by the State which pays \$250 a year for each scholar it selects and sends. The number of pupils is now sixty, but when the buildings now in course of erection are completed, the number will be doubled. They include about an equal number of boys and girls. The course of instruction extends over eight or ten years, and includes all the studies of the High School or Academy, beginning with children five years of age and giving them all the instruction needed to qualify them for useful employment, and social intercourse with their equals in the various walks of life. Finding that such an Institution was the next door to my lodgings, I called and was very kindly received by Mrs. Yale, the Associate Principal, who has charge in the absence of Miss Rogers, the Principal. All the instructors, of whom there are eight, are ladies, and of their ability to discharge their responsible trust, my visit left me no room to doubt.

But what shall I say of my own ignorance. Here is a system worked out, producing the most beautiful and interesting results, enabling the dumb to speak with their lips, and the deaf to hear with their eyes what is said to them, and up to this day I had not the first idea of the system by which such a wonderful result is reached. Miss Yale invited me to visit the various school rooms, and to see the classes in their several stages of progress, to ask the pupils or the teachers such questions as I would, and to take my own way to get an idea of the value of the system. It is what is called the articulating plan, in place of the sign language which has largely superseded it; for the capacity of deaf-mutes to articulate was known before the time of the Venerable Bede, and as early as A. D. 650. And Pedro Ponce de Leon, who died in 1584, taught the deaf and dumb to speak, and his epitaph records this fact as the great work of his life. But the sign language has some great advantages, and in most of the deaf-mute institutions of Europe and America is successfully employed, and with it pupils are carried through all departments of liberal education. I had never seen any other system in actual use.

Going into the class of the youngest and most recent pupils, I found Miss Grover teaching some fifteen or twenty boys and girls to articulate letters, syllables and words. A skeleton diagram of the face, the facial muscles, tongue and throat was suspended, and the particular muscles used were designated; these were copied in chalk on the blackboard, and so combined as to form sounds, quite incomprehensible to me, but by long, patient and persevering effort on the part of the teacher, the pupil acquires the art, and makes some faint imitation of the words represented by these marks:

"Suppose the sound of 't' is first to be taught. The teacher places the point of his own tongue against the gums, just behind the upper front teeth; the child does the same, and as his hand is held before the mouth of the teacher, the point of the teacher's tongue is quickly withdrawn, and the child feels the consequent emission of breath. The child then places his hand before his own mouth and repeats the movement. The written or printed character is at once given as the representative of this movement. If the same position be assumed, and the vocal chords be made to vibrate, the pure sound of 'd' is produced. Of these vibrations the pupil is made aware by the sense of touch, his hand being placed on the throat of the teacher while the sound is given. If 't' is to be taught, the same position being taken by the teacher and imitated by the pupil, he is then shown that the point of the tongue is held in that position (the escape of breath or voice taking place through openings over the sides of the tongue), and that vibrations can be felt by placing the hand on the cheek. If breath only is emitted, the voiceless 't' is produced which follows all non-vocal consonants, as in 'play'; if voice is emitted, vocal 't' is produced. The same position, with voice vibrating through the nose, produces 'n.' These vibrations may be easily felt by the child, if he place his finger on the side of the teacher's nose."

Miss Grover wrote a sentence on the blackboard, using only these signs of sounds to be made, and the pupils successively attempted to articulate them. Some who had been under instruction a few weeks only did not convey to me the least idea of what was written; others who had been longer under drill read it off distinctly. It is very easy to take the next step and learn the sound of the Roman letters made by these marks, and so to read. In fact, the little fellows who have not yet begun to articulate, acquire the art of reading our written language, and to do anything they are told to do by words written down for them. When I had been initiated into the mystery of teaching the dumb to speak, I desired to see the highest results as shown in the class that had been longest in the Institution. Miss Yale had this class in charge and led me to their recitation room.

Five young men and one young lady were examined in the analysis of words, or rather of sentences; being required to give the shades of meaning, as affected by accent. I suggested the question, "Do you go to town to-day?" and they readily explained the distinct and different meanings of the question, as the accent was thrown upon *you*, or *town*, or *to-day*, showing that the nicety of accent was as fully appreciated by them as if they could hear. Then, at my request, they read passages from books of prose and poetry, popular poems, familiar verses, and one young gentleman, when I playfully said, "you will not attempt to be orators," took the floor and with appropriate gesticulation delivered an animated speech; not always giving the right sound, but perfectly intelligible as a whole. I then examined him and the others on the history suggested by the address, and their answers showed them to be quite as well up in that department as boys of their age usually are. I examined their compositions with astonishment at their ability to express their thoughts, and at the range of their information. In the essay on Italy, by Miss Edna Howes, seeing the word "campaign," I asked her to pronounce it, and this led to a pleasant discussion with the class on the curious turn given to the *gn* in Italian words. Taking the clerk I wrote down some words, and we went into the practice of them with the same ease and freedom that any class would feel, and I could soon forget that they did not hear a word I said when approving or correcting their earnest attempts to say the words as I wished.

Miss Yale desired to show me some letters from graduates of the school which she had just received; and turning to Miss Howes, said to her in the usual tone and manner of one lady addressing another, "Edna, will you please go to my room and in the left hand corner of the drawer in my table, find two bundles of letters; select one from Miss Macomber and one from Miss Ware and bring them to me?"

I give the whole sentence to show it required attention, even from one having ears to hear. The pupil did not hear a word, but reading the request as rapidly as it was uttered, she left the room and soon returned with the letters. Perhaps I ought not to repeat the contents of these beautiful letters. They were written to show the value of that knowledge the writers had here acquired. One of them had been watching by the bedside of a sick mother, and when her voice was so low that no human ear could catch a word, this deaf daughter's eye read the words on her dying lips, and interpreted them to the dying friends. She had become a Sabbath-school teacher, by the request of others, and was able to discharge her duties acceptably. She could go to a store and trade, without being suspected of a want of any of her senses.

After school hours I saw the scholars of this institution at their sports, and on the Fourth of July, saw them celebrating the day. They had their fireworks, and the popping of crackers and torpedoes was as lively among them as everywhere else. Where the fun came in, it was hard to say, but Miss Yale assured me they felt the thrill of patriotism with the "rest of us," and knew the relation between that virtue and gunpowder. I never did.

This sketch has given but very few of the incidents of an interesting visit among the deaf-mutes. I cannot close without expressing admiration of the patience, the perseverance, and the wonderful faithfulness of these teachers, to whom this great trust is committed.

IRENEUS.

The Deaf and Dumb French Boy.

BY FANNY FERN.

I was sitting, this morning, at my window looking at a fine sunrise, when suddenly I thought, how terrible, were I to become blind!

And then I asked myself, were I to choose between blindness and deafness how should I decide?

Never to see the dear faces, never to see the blue sky, or green earth, or delicate flowers; never to listen to the melody of birds, or the sweet voices of the trees and streams, or hum of busy insect-life, or more dreadful still, never to hear the sweet voices of those I love; Oh, how could I choose?

When we murmur and complain, surely we forget the blessings of hearing and sight, they are so common that we forget to be grateful, so common that we need to have written pitying words to the deaf of our own kind, or led the sightless, fully to understand their sufferings.

And yet all the world is not now dark to the blind, or voiceless to the deaf, thanks to the good people who teach both these unfortunate ones. How different was their position once, a long time ago! Let me tell you about it.

In France lived a little boy born of parents who had six deaf and dumb children, three boys and three girls.

It must have been very dull to them all, but one of them, little Pierre, seemed to feel it most. Children of his own age would not play with him—they seemed to despise him; so he trotted around like a little dog trying to amuse himself with sticks and stones, and anything that came in his way. His body grew tall like other children's, but his mind remained a little baby. He didn't know whether he had been made, or had made himself.

His father taught him to make prayers by signs, morning and evening. Poor little fellow! he would get on his knees and make his lips move, as if speaking, but he did not know there was any God, and he was worshipping the beautiful sky.

He took a great fancy to a particular star, because it was so bright and beautiful, and at one time when his mother lay very sick, he used to go out every evening, and kneeling down, make signs to it to make her well, but finding that

she did not get any better he grew very angry, and threw stones at the star, supposing that it might, after all, be the cause of his deafness, his mother's sickness, and all their other troubles.

Seeing others move their lips when speaking, he moved his, hoping the talk would come out, and sometimes he made noises like an animal. When people told him the trouble was in his ears, then he took some brandy, poured it into his ears, and then stopped them up with cotton, as he had seen people do who had colds in their heads.

Pierre desired much to learn to read and write. He often saw young boys and girls who were going to school, and he desired to follow them, not that he knew what reading and writing really were, but from a feeling that there were some privileges and enjoyments from which he ought not to be shut out.

The poor child begged his father as well as he knew how, with tears in his eyes, to let him go to school. His father refused, making signs to him that he was deaf and dumb, and therefore could never learn anything. Then little Pierre cried very loud, and taking some books tried to read them, but he knew neither the letters nor the words. Then he became angry, and putting his fingers into his ears, demanded impatiently to have them cured. Then his father told him again that there was no help for it; and Pierre was quite heart-broken.

He left his father's house, and without telling him, started off alone to school, and going into the schoolhouse, asked the master, by signs, to teach him to read and write. The schoolmaster (I think he could not have had any little children of his own) refused him roughly and drove him away from the school.

Then Pierre cried very much, but you will be glad when I tell you that, although only twelve years of age, he was such a little hero that he wouldn't give up. He took a pen, and tried, all alone, to form the writing signs, and that, indeed, was the best and only thing he could do, and he stuck to it though everybody discouraged him.

His father used sometimes to set him to watch the flocks; oftentimes people in passing, who found out his condition, gave the boy money. One day—and it was a great day for poor Pierre—when he was thus watching the flocks, a gentleman who was passing took a fancy to him, and inviting him to his house, gave him something to eat and to drink. Then the gentleman went off to Bordeaux, where he lived.

Not long after, Pierre's father, for some reason or other, moved to Bordeaux, and then this kind gentleman spoke of Pierre to a learned man of his acquaintance, who was interested in deaf and dumb persons, and he consented to take Pierre and try to teach him.

Are you not glad? And you will be gladder still when I tell you how fast he learned and how, by his strong will, assisted by his kind tutor, he unriveted, one by one, the chains with which his wits were bound, and casting them aside, stood forth under the bright star at which he used to throw stones, and understood what it was and who made it.

You may be sure that nobody had to tease little Pierre to learn his lesson, as some little children have to be teased to study theirs. No, indeed! he felt like jumping and leaping for joy that he was able to learn; and it seemed to him that there was nothing left in the world worth fretting about, now that he could learn like other children.

That is all I know about little Pierre, but I hope he grew up a good as well as a smart man; don't you?—*New Story Book.*

News of the Week.

In the Senate, on Saturday, the post route bill was amended, so as to restore the franking privilege to a certain extent.

Thomas Barton Quackenbush was hung at Batavia, Friday, for the murder of Mrs. Sarah Norton, Dec. 3, 1875.

Colonel Thomas Aspinwall, the oldest surviving officer of the war of 1812, died at Brookline, Mass., Friday, aged 90.

The yacht Madeline beat the Countess of Dufferin a second time Saturday.

The weather is almost unprecedently warm in Europe.

The first wire of the New York and Brooklyn bridge was stretched Monday. Ex-Senate Senator Ben. Field, of Albion, is dead.

C. H. Luff has been appointed keeper of the Senate restaurant, Washington. The total reduction in the appropriation bills over those of last year is \$29,944,253.

The people of Vancouver Island want to secede from the Dominion government, unless the Carnation terms are carried out.

The receipts of canal tolls at Albany are unusually large. A new statue of Washington was unveiled at the Centennial on Monday.

The House Post-Office Committee will not act on the Fast Mail and Franking bill until next winter.

Disraeli has been elevated to the Peerage and entrusted with the privy seal. Congress adjourned *sine die* on Tuesday.

The Whitehall Times is authority for the following: "We saw a manuscript at work about ten minutes yesterday, trying to get his bill through the skin of a man who owes us two years' subscription. How we laughed at that demoralized little insect, as, with a look of disgust, he folded up his little bill, placed it in his pocket, and went for another victim."

—Rev. Thomas Gallaudet, D. D., Rector of St. Ann's Church, New York, will preach in Grace Church on Sunday, the 20th inst., at the usual hours of the services. At 3:30 p. m., he will hold a service for the benefit of deaf-mutes. A cordial and general invitation is extended to the community to be present at these services.

CENTENNIAL LETTER.

(From our regular Correspondent.)
PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 14, 1876.

The last week has been a succession of brilliant days for the Exhibition. With a noticeable increase of visitors, a regular panorama of new attractions, and the "delightful" kind of weather—except one or two warm days—everybody has been happy. My last letter had no more than started upon its journey when Prof. King succeeded in launching his mammoth air-ship, "Buffalo." It was inflated with 85,000 cubic feet of gas and freighted with a car containing ten persons. The balloon was constructed in Buffalo, N. Y., in 1873, and has made eight ascensions previous to this one. Several carrier pigeons were taken along on the trip. The first was let loose as the balloon ascended, being a signal for the owner of the birds to be on the look-out for the others to follow. The second, bearing a message dated 6:45 p. m., and stating that an elevation of 3,000 feet had been attained, reached its home in eleven minutes. In starting, the excursionists had failed to provide themselves with a cup for drinking purposes, and when near Norristown, Pa., a landing was effected and a purchase made of the necessary article. The balloon ascended again and took a westerly direction, landing near Perth Amboy, New Jersey, at 9 o'clock next morning.

The regular series of historical sketches of the States by orators appointed by the different Governors was resumed on Wednesday, when Hon. E. D. Mansfield delivered a description of the past and present of the State of Ohio, commencing with its partial exploration by Moravian and Jesuit missionaries one hundred years ago, these being followed by pioneers from the Colonies. He said that from that day its development had advanced until now the State stood forward as the first in agricultural importance, raising five times as much grain as is produced by the most favored European nations, and exceeding Pennsylvania and New York in the raising of domestic animals. The coal fields of Ohio surpass those of Great Britain, being over 10,000 square miles in extent, while the State has over 4,000 square miles of iron, or enough to supply the population of the entire continent for ages; 5,000 miles of railway and 42,000 miles of river and lake coast are within the State boundaries. In educational advantages for the young and in the proportion of her youth attending school Ohio claims to show a brighter record than Pennsylvania, New York, or the New England States. The lecturer enlarged upon the extensive manufactures, religious and charitable institutions of Ohio, the States having 6,400 churches and a number of benefactions for eleemosynary purposes. To change the subject; a valuable and interesting addition of stuffed animals is just made to the Ohio display in the Mineral Annex to the Main Building. The collection consisted of a gorilla, shot on the Gaboon river by Dr. Blasius, during his explorations in Central Africa; a kangaroo rat from Australia; a Brazilian ant-eater, the galeopithecus, a native of the Philippine Islands, and the kaola, a native of Australia.

It is estimated that over 500 persons per day visit the Egyptian Princess in the ticket-office north of Machinery Hall. This lady arrived several weeks ago, and since then has received calls from thousands of representatives from all nations; but her advent was so unheralded, and she has kept so quiet since being conveyed to the International city, that were it not for the placards near the northeast corner of Machinery Hall very few would be aware of her presence. Attracted by these announcements, however, the visitor naturally follows the direction of the index finger of the card, and by this thoughtful precaution thousands have been led to pay a visit to a personage who might otherwise have escaped attention. The lady herself is said to have once been very beautiful, but the hand of time has not touched lightly her delicate features, and not even her most enthusiastic admirers would now venture to call her young. Her dress possesses all the characteristics of Egyptian cloth, and though decidedly inartistic, has evidently answered all the purposes for which it was at first intended. The Princess is now neither lovely nor vivacious, though there is no reason to believe that in years gone by she was not an adept in all those little arts which attract mankind and excite the envy of the gentler sex. In height she is a little less than five feet, her form still preserves some reminiscences of a well-rounded contour, and her hands and feet are small and delicately fashioned. It is believed that the Princess possessed in her younger days a soft, sweet voice, which had been cultivated by the best Egyptian masters. But this assertion cannot now be verified, for the lady never attempts to sing, and not one of her visitors have yet heard her speak. Sometimes gentlemen, whose appearances indicate that they have spent the best years of their lives in the study of oriental customs, cost times and history, will, after diligent inquiry, learn the whereabouts of the Princess, but instead of paying her a mere call, they invariably prolong their stay into a visit of such length that one naturally wonders at their actions. They even scan every lineament of her face with devout interest, and even converse by the hour on the peculiarities of her garments. The Princess pays no attention whatever to these enthusiasts, and has from the first retained a silence and placidity which nothing could disturb. By the side of the Princess hangs a curiously-ornamented case, rich with Egyptian figures and inscriptions, which describes her ladyship as a princess of a noble family. The inscriptions give a number of interesting biographical details, and contain extracts from the "Book of the Dead" or "Ritual of the Dead." The Princess is, without a doubt, over 2,000 years old, and is one

of the best preserved mummies on exhibition.

Nearly 7,000 soldiers—mostly State troops—are encamped at Belmont, in the vicinity of the grounds, and their presence enlivens things considerably. Parades and reviews occur almost daily, and the music furnished by the excellent bands belonging to different divisions is much enjoyed. The Detroit Light Guard, which arrived on Sunday evening with an excursion party of five hundred prominent citizens of Michigan, were accorded a reception at the Michigan Building on Wednesday.

The following statement has been published in some of our daily papers; "Chicago is presently to have a gigantic union depot. The Main Building of the Centennial Exposition, which is composed of iron and heavy glass, put together in sections, so that it can be readily taken down without breaking or in any way injuring the strength and beauty of the structure, has just been purchased by Col. Thomas Scott, who will immediately on the breaking up of the Exposition, transfer it in segments to Chicago, and put it together again in that city. The accomplishment of this project will be the greatest advance in railroad interests that has taken place in Chicago for years, no single improvement beginning to compare with it." I called upon Col. Scott to know if the story had any foundation in fact and found that, while the statement is a little premature, such a result is not improbable.

1826. MEXICO ACADEMY. 1876.

SEMI-CENTENNIAL REUNION, AUG. 23 AND 24

President of the Occasion,
Gov. Allen C. Beach, Watertown, N. Y.

WEDNESDAY, 10 A. M.

Address of Welcome, by
President of the Village, L. H. Conklin.

Address of Welcome, by
Principal of the Academy, C. E. Havens.

Address by
President of the Occasion, Gov. Beach.

The Academy and the Legal Profession,
Hon. Amos G. Hull, New York.

The Academy and the Medical Profession,
Jas. V. Kendall, M. D., Baldwinville, N. Y.

WEDNESDAY, 2 P. M.

Historical Address,
D. W. C. Peck, Esq., Mexico, N. Y.

The Academy and Educators,
Prof. Jas. H. Hooser, Cortland, N. Y.

WEDNESDAY, 7:30 P. M.

The Academy and the Ministry,
Rev. Henry Kendall, D. D., New York.

Decade Speech, 1826-1836,
Rev. Lewis Kellogg, North Granville, N. Y.

Decade Speech, 1836-1846,
Professor E. C. Bruce, Adams, N. Y.

Decade Speech, 1846-1856,
Judge R. H. Tyler, Fulton, N. Y.

THURSDAY, 9:30 A. M.

Decade Speech, 1856-1866,
Rev. T. A. Weed, Scottville, N. Y.

Decade Speech, 1866-1876,
Rev. G. P. Mains, New Britain, Ct.

Decade Speech, 1876-1886,
C. L. Stone, Esq., Syracuse, N. Y.

Decade Speech, 1886-1876,
C. R. Skinner, Esq., Watertown.

THURSDAY, 2 P. M.

Town Reminiscences,
W. H. Kenyon, Esq., Oswego.

County Reminiscences,
B. B. Bart, Esq., Oswego.

Centennial Oration,
Gov. T. G. Alvord, Syracuse, N. Y.

THURSDAY 8 P. M.

Reunion Banquet, tickets for which can be had on application to C. L. Webb, Esq.

Vocal and Band music will be interspersed.

The following gentlemen are also expected to be present and participate in the exercises:

Judge John F. Kinney, Nebraska City.

Prof. D. C. Kellicott, Buffalo.

Rev. A. M. Stowe, Canadaigua.

Judge G. F. Constock, Syracuse.

Judge C. Whitney, Oswego.

Prof. J. R. French, I. L. D., Syracuse.

Rev. S. H. Adams, Chicago.

Hon. W. H. Baker, Constantia.

The public are cordially invited, and a special invitation is given to former teachers and students to attend the exercises and partake of the hospitalities of the citizens.

The exercises will be held in a large pavilion tent near the Academy.

—Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Brown, accompanied by their youngest daughter, Miss Sarah Brown, and Mrs. James Bailey, of Fulton, left town this morning for the Centennial.

—There will be a Centennial Sabbath-school Concert, at the Baptist church, Colosse, on Sunday evening, the 27th inst. Mr. Northrup, editor of the Parish Mirror, is expected to be present and deliver an address, which, we have no doubt, will be quite interesting and instructive.

—At a meeting of the Young People's Reform Association last Monday night, the following officers were elected for the ensuing quarter: President, John King; Vice President, Strong Bennett; Secretary, Mary Knight; Organist, Julia Orvis.

—The Presbyterian Sunday school picnic, held at Mexico Point yesterday, was well attended, the weather was splendid, and all had an enjoyable time.

CORRESPONDENCE.

New England Notes.

MARBLEHEAD, Mass., Aug. 8, 1876.
EDITOR JOURNAL.—There is no truth in the stories about that I keep eight agents, and that some of them are undesirable, to collect funds for the Industrial Home, nor did I send any one out of New England, to Philadelphia or elsewhere. I have only one, who has been with me for three years, selling books and collecting—Samuel Hamilton by name. One of my book agents went to Philadelphia to try, and see the Centennial Exhibition, but he failed to make anything, and gave up the business and came home. I have another book agent—Edward Welsh—in Vermont now. He is making observations among the mutes, and gave me some interesting information, which is of great use to me. He said he saw a deaf-mute, a well-to-do farmer, having a farm of his own, (his name and residence I must withhold.) He has a pleasant wife, though whether she is deaf or hearing, I was not informed. Unfortunately he was addicted to intemperate habits, and one cold winter's day, he was altogether too drunk. On his way home from a drinking place, he fell down, and laid there until discovered, and it was found that all his fingers and thumbs were frozen. He was carried home, and after an examination it was found necessary to amputate all the fingers. Mr. Welsh said that by some contrivance the fingerless deaf-mute was able to do some work. When Mr. Welsh comes home I will write all of the particulars.

Wm. Bailey moved back to this town some time ago. He said he could not make "both ends meet" while living in Biddeford, though there are many pleasant deaf-mute companions there. He tried his hand at shoe-finishing, he being an adept in that trade; and also in a cotton mill, but the wages paid him were miserably low, there being numerous French Canadians and Irish at work there at low wages. Mr. Bailey and family being somewhat homesick, (they love old Marblehead and the deaf-mutes so much,) they were forced to move back, and now he is well and feels quite at home in his old place. He is a warm and vigorous supporter of the plan for the Home, and always feels for the welfare of poor deaf-mutes, and proposes to work for it. The Biddeford deaf-mutes regretted very much to part with him, as he has conducted religious services for them to their entire satisfaction. They have closed up Sunday services for the summer, but will resume again in September.

My wife and children have gone to New Hampshire to remain for four weeks, and visit their old friends and relatives. They are now with the venerable Mr. Thomas Brown at West Henniker. On their way they stopped at the house of Mr. Samuel Rowe, at West Foxford, Mass., and found Miss Mary A. Mann, an instructor at the Hartford Asylum there, and had a very pleasant time with Mrs. Rowe and Mrs. Wyatt. The next place they stopped at on the way was Amherst, where Messrs. George Kent, John O'David and Frank Worcester reside. It is useless for me to say anything more of Geo. Kent, as every reader of your paper knows of his being famous for his love of fishing, and his great success, but many of the readers of the JOURNAL do not know how he came to be disabled from manual labor. This is about how it was I believe.—When he was a boy he climbed up a very tall tree for amusement, he fell to the ground and was picked up for dead, his body being so badly injured that he was laid away for his funeral. While lying on a shroud in a room all alone, he revived, got up and walked out to another room. His friends were frightened at his ghostly appearance. They were not slow to call in the aid of a doctor, and after long and careful nursing he recovered, but he is crippled for life.

Mr. John O'David was an old teacher of the deaf and dumb at Hartford, under the superintendency of Mr. Lewis Weld. Strange to say, at that time no permission was granted by the officers, for deaf-mute teachers to marry. Mr. David had a sweet-heart, but could not marry there. He was determined to marry or die, and resigned his situation, went home and married her. He went into business of his own, making boots and shoes, and opened a store, but he afterward found it did not pay, and did not suit his fancy. He has been a long time collecting money for the Boston Deaf-mute Society, and is still at the business for the present trustees, as they contemplate opening religious services before long for the deaf-mutes.

I have yet to say what I know of his wife, and I must say she is a remarkable woman. She has been and is still very active, and is noted for her industry, and for being the best sewing woman in Amherst, as can be proved. If you were to pay her a visit in her house, you would discern numerous articles made with her own hand, such as mats and matting, table and chair coverings and seats, lamp mats, &c., &c. If they were to be exhibited at a fair I am sure she would get a high premium, but she refuses to exhibit them. She does not believe in sewing machines. When I was there last, some six weeks ago, she explained to me why she does not use the sewing machine; she said she could not leave her good old time custom, and that many of her customers did not like machine work, but prefer hand sewing. So no wonder she gets plenty of work, but the most remarkable feat she has done is that by steady industry and frugality she has paid for the house and a large garden, and that with scarcely any aid from her husband. He could not do much but to support his family. They have one boy and two girls who are fully grown. At one time she left the family under the care of her husband and mother, and worked in the cotton mills in Lowell for a year as a weaver. She ran four looms

and made money, which went toward paying for the house. At another time they were in a hard strait, but with the aid of her neighbors and friends they came out all right, and now she takes pride in showing all who visit her, the fruits of the labor of her hands. May a long life be hers. She is a Christian and a member of the church, and so is her husband, who is an intimate friend of mine.

Frank Worcester, my wife's brother, is a twin brother to Mrs. Henry Harrington. He has dim-sighted eyes, and this is the same case with Mrs. H. He worked in the bobbin shop at Lowell for some time, but his poor health and other causes compelled him to leave Lowell and move to a rural place to recuperate his health, and to escape the noise and turmoil of a bustling city, such as Lowell. He and his wife have settled on a nice, pleasant place, just opposite Mr. David's house. They are living in a pleasant house at a very remarkably low rent. He has means enough to buy a home of his own, but prefers to wait for a year. He has a deaf-mute boy and a pleasant wife. It would do any one good to see and talk with her.

My wife, while visiting deaf-mutes, has not been idle in explaining the Industrial Home plan, and they begin to see clearly its great need.

DEAF-MUTE TEACHERS OF THE DEAF AND DUMB.

Somebody has felt called upon to publicly put himself on record as an opponent to deaf-mute teachers of the deaf and dumb.

There are some men of more or less prominence who have a way of thinking and reasoning by which they have arrived at the self-satisfactory conclusion that no deaf-mute instructors should be employed in an institution for the deaf. Under their fearful generalization from a few particular cases, there is not the poor consolation of a solitary exception. They would close the doors to all alike.

We do not intend to dispute the fact that there are some deaf-mutes who would be better out of the profession than in it. So much we freely acknowledge. But for every indifferent deaf-mute teacher, there are three or four excellent ones. Persons, moreover, whose services, if lost, would be most keenly missed.

Unless born and bred under circumstances in which deaf-mutes and deafness form a prominent part, the ways and means of the profession are mysteries to every hearing man that engages in the work. Only by continued and patient application can he qualify himself as an instructor, and even then it is a question whether or not he ever rises above the level of "indifferent" or "pretty good."

With the unusually bright congenial deaf and the semi-mute, the case is naturally different. The years at school, the constant companionship with scenes of those similarly afflicted, give him an insight into the habits of thought and intellectual needs of the mute. So that when, in process of time, he finds himself in charge of a class, it is easy for him to put himself in their place, and teach understandingly and successfully.

Again, during his school course he has been under the instruction of divers teachers (classes change more or less from year to year in every institution), and has not failed to note that system which adapted itself the most readily to his improvement and that of his classmates. He thus possesses an experience which is very valuable, and which the hearing teacher can never obtain.

Much has been written on the Language of Signs, *pro* and *con*. Since in spite of all the pages printed on one side and the other, deaf-mutes will continue to use this language, and depend upon its aid for well nigh all their instruction, it is of the utmost importance that the teacher be familiar with the language from its a to its z. There is such a thing as a sign-language idiom, which few but a full-blooded deaf or semi-mute can correctly understand. This idiom is often of the greatest value in the school-room, as a means of wedging instruction into brains that, but for it, the staunchest might well despair of ever reaching. The writer of this article asserts this as part of his own experience.

Something has been said about the inability of the deaf-mute teacher to properly explain words, phrases, etc. Few can give a more intelligible or proper explanation of a book passage or word than the qualified mute instructor. But we very much suspect that the wail of the critic in this regard, is not so much in mistaken explanation as, what he would call, the negligence to explain at all. We cherish many a remembrance of painful hours that we have sat at the mercy of our professor of ancient languages, while he explained the why and wherefore that such and such a word should be used in certain places in preference to some others. Why not state the fact and done with it, never mind the reason? And we certainly should place little value on the services of a teacher who, in the fulness of his wisdom, explains things in this wise: *He* is a pronoun, masculine gender, nominative case, third person, singular number, and stands for or instead of *John*, and all this to correct the mistake of some young one who had inadvertently written *she* for *he*. Tell the pupil that it's *he*, and see that it's remembered.

Some of the best classes we ever saw were classes under the instruction of deaf-mute teachers, and class after class has been rescued from "spoliation" by the advent of a deaf-mute guide alone.

We do not wish to go to the other extreme and cry down hearing teachers; there are many of this kind successful and valuable in the profession; we simply enter our protest against this wholesale abuse of deaf-mute teachers. Every Principal knows their value.

He is a poor student of deaf-mute history who forgets that sixty years ago when the first institution for the deaf was established, there was but one man

in the whole country who could teach the deaf. He was a deaf-mute and his name was LAURENT CLERC. K.

An Excursion.

Time, seven o'clock A. M. Date, July 27. Place, Delavan, Wis. Number of persons in the party of excursionists, nine. Conveyance, an omnibus. Motive power, two horses. Destination, Geneva Lake, a favorite summer resort. Distance about ten miles. Weather, dark clouds and threatening—anything but encouraging, but the confidence and assurance of Prof. —, who satisfactorily demonstrated his ability as a weather prophet, dispelled all doubts and misgivings. How well his predictions of a good day were verified, it need only be said that the clouds withheld their liquid treasures the entire day, and dispersed early enough to let old Sol make things uncomfortably hot before noon.

The route of the excursionists lay through the finest farming country imaginable. All the fertility of the world seemed to have been concentrated into these teeming and valuable acres. The hay harvest was under good way in some places, and finished in others. The wheat was assuming a golden tint, inviting the reapers. Three miles from town the first view of Delavan Lake was had through an opening in the woods that skirted its shores. This lake is becoming a popular resort. Here and there along the shores were seen the white tents and boats of camping out parties from different parts. There were apparently all the facilities for fishing, so the only matter of complaint might have been an unwillingness on the part of the fish to be so accommodating as to bite. For nearly a mile the road lay along the shores in the path of delicious and health-freighted breeze that blew steadily in our faces, making us oblivious of the presence of the sun now out in full force. Passing ever a hill a short distance further on, the enchanting little sheet with all its attendant beauties of forest and hill is shut out from view.

The hands of the professor's watch indicated the hour of eleven when the party, tired and glad for a change, disembarked on a beach. The baskets containing the substantial, nay more, testimonials of the cuisine skill and thoughtfulness of the ladies, were lifted out and carried into the park, which, notwithstanding its unfinished condition, looked quite pretty, with its fountains and walks.

In company with the professor your correspondent wandered off to the pebbly shore a few rods distant. A diversified and beautiful scene opened to view. Pretty hills covered with primeval forests, extended on both sides of the lake. In the distance a bold bluff rose up perpendicular from the water. On its top could be plainly seen the summer residence of Rev. Mr. Collie, a well known clergyman of Delavan. The name Geneva seemed perfectly appropriate for this beautiful sheet of water. In the dim distance could be seen a small excursion steamer on its way to the town of Geneva. The party at the shore was increased by the presence of a gentleman of "mind-reading fame." The professor told us some legends that were associated with the place. Pointing to a little knoll a short distance away, he referred to the tradition of its having been the burial place of a noted red man. He of mind-reading prophecies was inclined to regard this tradition as unworthy of credence.

Our attention was now attracted to the waving of handkerchiefs in the direction of the tables. It spoke significantly that dinner was ready. Hunger, which till then had not been perceptible, imparted a rapidity to our pedestrian movements. Without much ado all were soon seated on the rough benches, which were apologies for something better, but good enough anyhow.

We will not weary the readers of the JOURNAL with a recital of everything that passed at the table. Let it suffice to state that it was a matter of astonishment how much of the edibles was demolished in a short time.

My communication has grown long. A way to bring it to a close must be found, but wait a little. Shortly after dinner the "Lady of the Lake," a pretty excursion steamer, hove in sight. Several of the party decided to go over to Kaye's park, across the lake, and return in an hour. The short excursion was an epitome of such delight as is treasured in the memory with particular pleasure. Having returned to the starting point, all were quite ready to eat supper and go home.

Then the fragments of the evening repast were gathered together and put into baskets, the horses brought and hitched up; then came the summons to "get aboard." With sad feelings your correspondent took a last look at the lovely lake, and was soon "going over the hill," not to the Poor House, as Will Carleton has it, but returning to the struggles of life. Adieu.

Short Sermons.

This is the cry that is heard throughout our land these hot August days. Let long, dry, tedious sermons be numbered among the things that were. What the people hunger and thirst after is short, practical and pithy discourses—something which will make us better—that we can live or act out through the week. The pastors of our country churches should "deal less in abstract speculations and polemic discussions and dogmatic systems, and more in the truth as it is in Jesus." Some pastors don't stick to their text, but wander about seemingly without any aim, only to fill up an hour or an hour and a half. We think a sermon should not exceed forty minutes in length. As much can be said in that time as the mass of minds can digest. Then let us have short, practical sermons, and our churches will be better filled.

Closing Exercises at the New York Institution.

Have been unwell for some time. Hope one, if not a dozen, of your readers have been waiting to hear from me. Well, then, here I am alive and hearty as I was. A few lines about the closing exercises of the New York Institution will undoubtedly interest many of your readers who failed to pay a visit there.

The chapel was as usual in its floral and flag decoration. Luncheon was served just in time, and Dr. Peet, in his usual, smiling glory, took the platform precisely at 3 o'clock, and by the call of Mr. Frederic De Peyster, the attention of the audience was attracted to Rev. Dr. S. H. Tyng, Sr., who offered prayer. After prayer, the exhibition of scholastic proficiency commenced, and several classes went through, each receiving due applause. Master James Caton, who is known to many, was put on the platform, and performed a wonderful "feat" despite his blindness. Principal Peet said that he was endeavoring to obtain a fund of \$10,000 for James, which will justify the employment of a special teacher, and that if this is done he will attain intellectual development surpassing that of Laura Bridgman.

Miss Florence H. Jones was then called upon the platform, and by the grace of her arms gave "Whittier's Centennial Hymn," Dr. Peet reading. When Miss Jones had got through, Mr. Wm. A. Jackson came forward and stepped up on the rostrum, and the literary exercises of the occasion were brought to a fitting conclusion by the delivery in sign language of the valedictory by Mr. Jackson, Dr. Peet reading it *visa voce* at the same time. We are assured that this is the *unaided and uncorrected* production of a deaf-mute, who, on entering the institution, was absolutely without knowledge of the English language. But whether the assurances are well founded or not, we don't hesitate when we recollect the several misspelled points, and the embarrassment Mr. Jackson showed the audience in the delivery of his valedictory. All can judge for themselves.

It was resolved that a testimonial in the form of a gold medal be awarded to Mr. Wm. A. Jackson for superior excellence in all his studies, and for exemplary conduct throughout his connection as a pupil with the Institution. Alas! The Cary Testimonial was awarded to William F. Howell, for good scholarship and unexceptional deportment.

The prizes for the best linear in drawing were awarded to the Misses Maggie T. Barry and Eliza A. Barry.

A large number of diplomas were given to the pupils, and as far as we can learn only twenty-five graduated. The exercises closed with the benediction, and the admirers retired in a fitting way.

In the evening we were invited to participate with Friend Peet and his amiable wife, who has changed much since we were pupils, and after "lurking" around we were surprised to see a pair of bronze pitchers, worth \$10, presented to Friend Peet by the graduates of 1876. The pitchers are not for family use but for ornamentation. Friend Peet responded.

We are sorry to say that we missed the present which was given to Mrs. Dr. Harvey P. Peet by the "family" connected with the school on her retirement as matron. As we left late in the evening, we cannot give full particulars, although we would like to do so. The presentation, as we learn, is a silver pitcher and cup, handsomely engraved, and its value is \$25.00. It is hoped that some one will send a full and accurate report of the presentation, so as to satisfy the many friends of Mrs. Dr. Peet, who has been so dear to all, and whose venerable husband was the father of all those who are deprived of the blessed privileges on earth. But thank Him who doth all things right, and the resting place of our venerable benefactor will never be disturbed.

AGRIPPA.

July 17, 1876.

Interesting to the Friends of the Industrial Home.

Four hundred and fifteen dollars are already deposited in the Savings Bank to the credit of the Industrial Home which, under the circumstances, may be considered as a very good sum. I could have done better but for the hard times, which, just now, seem to affect our people very much, in common with many others, and besides the fact of my injured eye which troubles me to a considerable extent in the prosecution of my labors. I have to be very careful and not overwork. I should feel quite unwilling to be laid up again on account of my eye, as I have been once before for a long time. No one but those who have poor eyes, or are afflicted with blindness, can fully appreciate the value of good eyesight. When cool weather sets in, I think I shall be able to work more vigorously. My expenses so far have not exceeded fifty dollars incurred while collecting money for the Home. By next spring I hope to be able to swell the \$415 to \$1,000.

The report that a great many deaf-mutes are opposed to the Home is not true. I have talked with a large number of deaf-mutes, all of whom approve of the plan when they come to fully understand the matter. A few disappointed deaf-mutes connected with the Boston Society, and who are always troublesome, are actively engaged in stirring up opposition. Several poor deaf-mutes have subscribed money, and desire the erection of a home for their benefit. I have lately been to Boston and found several deaf-mutes out of work, some of whom are suffering very much. I aided some of them, and shall go there again before long and see how they are getting along. I learn from Samuel Hamilton and others that there are many deaf-mutes lacking employment in all parts of the country. The meeting of the Trustees of the Industrial Home takes place August

29th. I will write particulars of the transactions of the meeting which may be of interest to many readers of the JOURNAL.

I read the two articles in the JOURNAL from "Justice" and "Impartiality," and readily recognized the authors. The articles have the smell and taste of men well known by me, especially "Impartiality," who is notoriously very unpeppery with all his deaf-mute acquaintances. He has always been troublesome when connected with several Boston deaf-mute societies, and has always been an antagonist of mine. He has always been a disappointed man, and has met with failures in all his plans. He was foremost in causing the downfall of the United Society, and in bringing to grief the Deaf-mute Library Association. The Salem deaf-mutes express much dissatisfaction with his management and conduct. His hanging on the coat tail of "Justice" is all that prevents his being thrown overboard. "Justice" knows but a very little about the deaf-mutes as he never attended an institution for the instruction of deaf-mutes, and consequently his opinions could be easily influenced and biased through the medium of some of his friends. He probably thinks he is working for the good of deaf-mutes, though he is getting to be disliked by all deaf-mutes. Yet he is a good writer, and I don't not desire to do good. Mr. Southwick and myself are officers of the Salem Society and know what is best for the society, and "Justice" need not trouble himself about its safety and my collecting money in Salem for the Home. I have done nothing to injure the Salem Society. The time will come when all deaf-mute societies of New England will see the necessity of helping forward the good work which the Industrial Home will accomplish.

SWETT.

Marblehead, Aug. 6, 1876.

The Academy Reunion.

The Semi-Centennial Reunion of the officers and students of Mexico Academy will occur on Wednesday and Thursday of next week.

To prevent any misapprehension we wish to state again that all persons, wherever located, who may have at any period been officers, teachers or students of the academy are invited to participate in the contemplated reunion.

Owing to changes of residence and the loss of old records—thousands of students have probably failed to receive the circular. All such as are cordially invited to participate in the contemplated reunion as though they received a formal invitation.

No circulars have been addressed to persons residing in the town of Mexico, as they are expected, as a matter of course, to attend, and will consider themselves personally invited.

We understand that the various committees are busily engaged in perfecting the arrangements, and are meeting with much success.

Limit Your Wants.

From the nature of things the income of most of the inhabitants of the earth must be limited, and indeed within very narrow bounds. The product of labor throughout the world is equally divided, would not make the share each individual large. It is impossible that everyone should be what is called rich. But it is by no means impossible to be independent. And what is the way to compass this "glorious privilege," as Burns aptly designates it? The method is very simple. It consists in one rule—limit your wants. Make them few and inexpensive. To do this would interfere but little with your real enjoyment. It is mostly a matter of habit. You require more or you are satisfied with less, just as you have accustomed yourself to the one or the other. Limit your wants, estimate their cost, and never exceed it, taking pains always to keep it inside of your income. Thus you will secure your lasting independence. Young men, think of this. A great deal of the happiness of your lives depends upon it. After having your money, spend it as you choose, honestly; but be sure you make it first.—E.E.

Old Settlers' Reunion.

The Old Settlers' Association of Oswego county will hold its next annual meeting and picnic on the Fair grounds at Oswego Falls, Tuesday, Aug. 29th, 1876, to meet at 10 o'clock A. M. The officers of the agricultural society have generously offered the grounds and buildings free to the "Old Settlers' Association" for the day, and it is intended to make the meeting one of much interest.

The ground itself is an attraction, being delightfully situated on the border of that romantic little lake, Nea-tah-wan-ta; the buildings are capacious enough for all, and the surroundings well calculated to add to the pleasure of the visitor.

It is desirable that every town in the county be represented at the meeting, and that those who attend may be prepared to furnish historical facts that will be of interest to the Association, and for record.

All who wish can bring baskets of eatables, from which to feed the hungry. A good time is expected, and all are cordially invited to be present.

F. W. SQUIRES, Secretary.

North Volney, Aug. 14th, 1876.

The North Mexico Sunday School have their annual picnic at Mexico Point, to-morrow, (Friday.)

The Academy is being repaired and cleaned, preparatory to the opening of the fall term.

—Rev. A. Parke Burgess will deliver his "Historical Sermon" in the Prattville church, on Sabbath morning, the 27th inst.

The Excursion to Brockville.

The arrangements for the "Centennial Excursion" of Palaski Fire Company to Brockville, via Cape Vincent and the Thousand Island, last Wednesday, were ample and complete and reflected great credit upon the company. The weather was all that could be desired, neither excessively hot nor uncomfortably cool, and all who went enjoyed the trip to the full extent of their reasonable anticipations.

Two cars well filled, including the Fire Company and Helicon Band, of Mexico, started from that depot promptly on time, and on arriving at Pulaski found eight cars comfortably filled, ready to join them. One more car was hitched on at Sandy Creek, making in all eleven cars, carrying about six hundred and fifty happy specimens of humanity determined to leave at home for one day the cares and toils of a busy life, and to enjoy the interesting ride to the Cape, and a more splendid one amid the Thousand Islands on that grand old river, the St. Lawrence.

A severe drought for the past four weeks has materially injured the late crops north of Watertown, as well as the beauty of the scenery on this part of our journey. We understand that their early crops were good. If any one desires to obey literally the Scripture injunction and build upon a rock, here is the place for it.

At Cape Vincent there were two steamers, the "Maud" and the "Geneva," waiting our arrival. All on board and the two boats lashed side by side, we, at precisely half past eleven A. M., started for our destination. The splendid music frequently furnished us by the two bands, the grandeur of the scenery and the hundreds of happy voices made our ride down the river delightful beyond description.

A few minutes before four P. M., the boats fastened to the dock at Brockville. Here the whole fire department of the town was in waiting to receive and welcome as guests the "red shirts" of Pulaski and Mexico. In anticipation of our visit, the city had decorated several of the principal streets most profusely with the "Union Jack" and the colors of the Canadian Provinces. Through these streets the firemen were escorted by its respective band. From thence they marched to Market Hall, and here awaited them a bountiful dinner, furnished by the firemen of the city. Here was exhibited the same energy in quenching a sharp appetite that they would use in putting out a fire.

After the repast, the Recorder of the city was called to the chair. Toasts were offered to the Queen of England, President of the United States, the Firemen of Brockville and their guests, the Firemen all over the world, and to the Press. These were responded to by Mr. Wiley, editor of the Brockville paper; Mr. Muzzey, editor of the Pulaski Democrat; Mr. Shea, in behalf of the "Ring-golds" of Pulaski; Mr. Gregory, in behalf of the "Protections" of Mexico, and others whose names we did not learn. These were sandwiched with splendid music by the bands and rousing cheers from the audience. In short it was a mutual glorification meeting. All the speakers very properly referred to the mutual interests and friendship which existed between the States and Canada; that the line was imaginary that divided them, and they hoped it ever would be so. These sentiments called out the emphatic "Hear!" "Hear!" and three rousing cheers. All our good feeling and patriotism were aroused as we heard from the bands those noble airs, "God Save the Queen," "Hail Columbia" and "Yankee Doodle."

Notwithstanding the fact that we are a citizen of the town of Mexico, and our preferences stray in that direction, we must award the premium to the Mexico Firemen and the Helicon Band, of Mexico, for their neat uniforms, their noble bearing and splendid music.

Brockville is an ancient, substantially and pleasantly built town, on the north shore of the river, about fifty miles from Cape Vincent, and twelve from Prescott. It is mainly a place for trade and has the evidences of thrift and wealth. We do not think any of our people tried to smuggle any of their goods by cheating the custom-house officers, without it was a few unnecessary drinks of their choice brandy.

Prices of their goods are higher there than here, and we could have purchased their Merimack prints for 12½ cents, which would cost us 8 cents here, but did not fear that the discount on our money and the duties would eat up all the profits "over the left."

Half past six P. M., with all on board, and our boats side by side we were homeward bound and our nearly five hours' ride up the river was by no means tiresome or long. A gentle breeze, a hundred or more lights from the beautiful summer villas on the little islands dotted here and there, with an occasional Roman candle shot off to inform us of the fact that the people were living there and enjoying themselves; the whistles of the steam gongs from the passing steamers saluting each other; the mellow moonlight shedding its silver luster on all around, made our return trip, as the young lady said, "just delightful, perfectly splendid."

The fine music from the bands, alternating from each boat; the sweet singing of those old camp-meeting songs, such as "Coronation," "Hold the Fort," "Sweet By and By," and the like by a happy group in the cabin below; the lively secular songs, by a party on deck; the coarse camp songs by another jolly set of chaps; the tripping of the "light fantastic toe;" the sweet, subdued cooing of lovers stowed away in some nook or corner of the boat; the happy visiting of old neighbors; the mirthful shouts of some brimful and running over with fun, all combined to make the scene one general melody of mirth, pleasure and song.

Twelve o'clock (midnight) and we are at the landing. A rush for the cars and

we soon are off for the south. We are well settled in our seats, and general appearance we are a good and subdued set, caring but little whether "school kept or not."

The cry of the brakeman, "Palaski," at about five A. M., arouses us, and most of this happy, sleepy crowd disperse while the Mexicans go on to their "home, home, sweet home." Thus ended one of our most delightful excursions.

H.

Union Square, Aug. 11, 1876.

The Prodigal's Return.

SEARCH FOR THE FATTENED CALF.

Some of the readers of this paper have doubtless heard that all the old patrons of Mexico Academy are invited home to visit the old "Alma Mater" and celebrate her 50th birthday. It is a matter of conjecture in the minds of some how long since many of these wanderers have eaten a good square meal and the old lady has concluded to invite them all to sit down together and make themselves merry at her expense. To feed the thousand or fifteen hundred of her sons and daughters who are expected to be present will take several of the necessities of life, and the banquet committee are making every effort to visit all in this vicinity. Unavoidably some will be overlooked, and this is intended for such as an official invitation to contribute as they may feel able, and not feel slighted because they were not personally called upon, but report what they can do to the nearest member of the committee, or to Phineas Davis, President, or the undersigned by Saturday next.—The next meeting of the banquet committee will be held on Saturday evening next, at the residence of Mr. H. C. Peck. All members of the committee are urged to be there at 7 o'clock sharp, and make as full report as possible.

Provisions will be received and cared for at the Academy, on Thursday from 9 A. M. to 2 o'clock P. M.

JOHN WHYBORN, Sec'y.

PARISH.

The beautiful blackberry is daily to be seen, picked and tasted. It is really a God-send to the poor, these hard times. There is an immense amount.

Potatoes are suffering by drought. Some pieces of Early Rose have ripened by the drought and could not be resuscitated by rain. The potatoes will doubtless be a short crop. Corn is suffering from drought.

The threshing machine is now being heard through the land.

Office seekers and politicians still continue to perambulate, notwithstanding the hard times. J. H. Oliphant, Esq., of Oswego, was in town the other day on his way for County Clerk. Hon. H. J. Dargett paid us a visit to convince the people that he was their best man for Assembly. J. B. Driggs, Esq., and Postmaster Alfred, of Mexico, were here the other day, looking after the interests of Hon. D. W. C. Peck for Assembly. Messrs. D. and A. very pleasantly reciprocated the joke, when we suggested to them something more spacious, like Hall.

Parish, Aug. 14, 1876.

A Splendid Reception.

All who joined the Firemen's excursion to Brockville very much enjoyed themselves. Our correspondent, "H.," gives quite an interesting account of the excursion. The reception given to the firemen of Mexico and Pulaski was a splendid one. Our boys speak of it in the most laudatory terms; in fact, they think of it, talk of it, and even dream of it. The Brockville Firemen may rest assured that if they ever come this way they will meet with a most cordial welcome.

At a special meeting of the fire department of this village, held Monday night, the following resolution was unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That a vote of thanks be tendered to the Brockville Fire Department for the hospitable manner in which our Department and the Pulaski Department were received by them at our visit at Brockville on the 9th of August. May the friendship be as warm and lasting as their bounties were plentiful.

J. M. WING, Chief.

E. D. GORT, Sec'y.

No Truth in the Report.

We understand there is no truth in the report that the visitors to our Semi-Centennial are to be hung up on pegs in the buildings on the Fair Grounds to sleep. On the contrary, the good housewives of this village are making ready straw beds, to be put on the parlor floor, and the members of the family will occupy these and give up their own beds to the guests from abroad. In fact, we learn that one of our most corpulent citizens has already begun sleeping on the floor in order to get accustomed to it.

—F. S. Stone and family leave via the L. S. & M. S. for Cleveland, Washington and the Centennial to-day. Mr. Stone will be present at the semi-centennial reunion of the Mexico (N. Y.) Academy, August 23, and 24, where he attended school more than forty years ago.—*Kalamazoo Daily Gazette, Aug. 8.*

—Mr. Samuel Smith, one of our well-known and most respected citizens, died last Sunday morning of inflammation of the bowels, after a short illness. His funeral took place on Tuesday last, under the auspices of the Masons, of which he was a faithful member. The afflicted family have the sympathy of our entire community in their bereavement.

Going from Turkey to England.

The late Sultan, who was very proud of his fleet, had ordered the captain of one of his finest vessels to proceed to England in order to convey his compliments to Queen Victoria on some public occasion—the birth of a grandchild, most probably. The captain was most happy to obey the commands of his sovereign, only he had not the faintest idea of how to get to England. However, he started, and as long as he was in the Mediterranean all went well, but as soon as he got out of sight of land he was figuratively, as well as literally, all at sea. He confided his trouble to the pilot, who advised him to follow a certain steamer which was just before them and which was under way for England. The captain followed the pilot's advice, and for some hours all went well, till night-fall, in fact; but the night proving foggy, he lost sight of his friendly guide, and was in despair. Morning dawned, the fog cleared away, and there in the horizon was visible the smoke of a steamer. The Turkish captain hastened to bring his vessel up quite near to the steamer, and followed patiently and perseveringly in its wake. One day passed, then two, then a week, and still no land was visible.

"I did not know that England was so far off," sighed the unhappy Turk.

Finally land appeared—a noble bay—a vast city. The steamships came ashore, and the authorities came on board. They spoke English, as was to have been expected.

"What is your business here?" asked one of the officials of the captain of the Turkish frigate.

"I came to present the compliments of the Sultan to your queen."

"What queen?"

"Queen Victoria, of course—am I not in England?"

"In England? You are in the harbor of New York."

The unlucky captain, having lost sight of the English bound guide during the first night of the voyage, had come up with a steam ship en route to the United States. And I am told that this story is literally true.—*Ex.*

A Marriage in the Surf.

A readable piece of gossip is furnished by a Narragansett Pier correspondent. Thither went a rich and proud Baltimore gentleman, taking with him an only daughter who had dared to give her heart to a man below her in society's estimation. It was the father's purpose to guard the girl so that the lover could not speak with her. Though closely watched by a spy the fair lady found a way to write and post a letter to her lover informing him of her retreat. The lover hied to Narragansett. Now it so happened that the hard parent's physician had forbidden him to go into the surf. The spy of the household hated the waves worse than the devil is said to hate holy water. The daughter delighted to bathe in the briny. So it came about that the lad and the lass met in the water unsuspected by spy or father. A lawyer's advice was taken, the time was fixed, a minister engaged, and the next day the wild waves witnessed a novel ceremony. The twain were made one in the surf. When the water was full of people, a party of five might have been seen a little apart from the other bathers. The marriage ceremony had to be suspended every few seconds on account of the breakers, and a rippling laugh broke from the lips of the girl when the clergyman solemnly gave full opportunity for the forbidding of the bans. Then the foam leaped to gain the first kiss from the lips of the bride, but the rest of the little company relinquished their privilege on account of the attention such a proceeding might attract. Everybody noticed how gay Miss — was at dinner that day, and her father thought, "She's forgotten that Baltimore upstart already." A few hours later he was undeceived. Then the tempest raged again, but the lawyer's cool counsel finally prevailed. The bridegroom lingered a few days, and then went back to Baltimore, where next October the participants of the comedy in the surf will reappear in the same characters in the drama of a grand wedding before the eyes of the world. Until then the names are withheld.

How he Came to See the Centennial.

While I was sitting in the Centennial grounds the other day there sauntered into the room a little boy, poorly but neatly dressed, whose bright face attracted me.

"Do you know," said I, "what picture that is?"

"That's the old Liberty Bell."

"And that?" pointing to another.

"That's old Independence Hall."

I got him to write his name in the visitors' book in a neat, childish hand—"Willie Ferguson, Memphis, Tenn."

I exclaimed, "What! are you all the way from Tennessee? How did you come on?"

"A man brought me on, but when we got to Pittsburgh he left me, and I came over by myself."

"Did your papa and mama come too?"

Sadly he said, "I have no father and mother!"

"Had you any money?"

"No; I told the conductors I wanted to see the Centennial, and they brought me on."

"Well, what are you doing now, and where do you live?"

"I live in a big boarding-house on Belmont avenue, over there, and I wash dishes, scour knives, and do chores."

"How did you get into the Centennial?" said I.

"Why, I paid my fifty cents like any body else."

"How are you going to get home?"

"Why, just the way I came on," with bright twinkle in his clear, blue eye.

"And, pray, how old may you be?"

"Twelve years old, and I came to see the Centennial."

And all the time he was standing with one little brown hand on the back of the chair, the other in his pocket, with a broad-brimmed hat stuck right on the back of his curly head. With a few more questions on my part, to which he answered that he hoped to be a watchmaker when he grew up to be a man, he bade us good-by and started off again.

Pause before you follow example. A mule laden with salt, and an ass laden with wool, went over a brook together. By chance the mule's pack became wet, the salt melted, and his burden became lighter. After they had passed the mule told his good fortune to the ass, who, to speed as well, wet his pack at the next water. But his pack became heavier and he broke down under it. That which helps one man may hinder another.

A gentleman is a rarer thing than some of us think for. Which of us can point out many such in his circle—men whose aims are generous; whose truth is constant and elevated; who can look the world honestly in the face, with an equal, manly sympathy for the great and the small? We know a hundred whose coats are well made, and whose voices are excellent manners; but of gentlemen, how many? Let us take a little scrap of paper and make his list.—*Thackeray*

PARISH.

John W. Howard, Esq., and wife, of Syracuse, are in town visiting friends; also P. W. Allen, Esq., of Oswego.

Several office-seekers have been in town of late, looking after their prospects. Hon. A. Z. McCarty, of Pulaski, desires the office of County Clerk. Merriek Stowell, Esq., of Oswego, would accept the office, and a Mr. Spencer, of Fulton, wants the office. Hon. John Preston, of Pulaski, would like to be returned to Albany. Supervisor Comstock, of Albany, thinks he ought to go there instead of Preston, and ex-deputy sheriff Wilson, of Amboy, believes that his party should prefer him for member of assembly. The above notables have seen their friends in town. We are glad to see so little efforts of farmers to get party nominations. It is a good omen. We suggest to hard money politicians to use that article only. Be sure and let the rag baby alone. Be consistent.

Last Sunday evening a Sabbath School concert was held at the church.

Parish, Aug. 6, 1876.

Prohibition County Convention.

The Prohibitionists of Oswego County will meet in convention at the Court House, in the village of Pulaski, on Saturday, the 21st day of Sept. next, at 11 o'clock A. M., for the purpose of putting in nomination county officers, to be voted for at the coming election, and transact such other business as may properly come before the committee.

Said Convention to be composed of five delegates from each town.

By order of EXECUTIVE COM.

PERSONAL.

Mrs. Laura Abbott, of Omaha, Neb., and Miss Carrie Brush, of Bloomington, Ill., are visiting Miss Josie Smith.

Walter C. Stone, of the Camden Advance, spent a few days in town this week.

W. F. Severance, of New York, is spending part of his annual vacation in this village.

Miss A. Norton, of Ilion, is visiting at Mr. T. G. Brown's.

Mr. and Mrs. George Barton, of Jersey City, have been spending a few days in town.

Third Assembly District Convention.

The Republican electors of the several towns composing the Third Assembly District, are requested to send the usual number of delegates from each town to meet in Convention to be held at the Court House in Pulaski, Oswego county, N. Y., on the 19th day of August, 1876, at 12 o'clock M., for the purpose of electing three delegates to attend the State Convention at Saratoga on the 23d inst., and to elect delegates to the Congressional Convention hereafter to be called, and to nominate a Member of Assembly, and to transact other necessary business.—Dated Pulaski, Aug. 10th, 1876.

J. W. FENTON, Ch'n Dist. Con.

TEACHERS' PICNIC.—The teachers of the third Commissioner's District are to hold a basket picnic at Island Grove, Pulaski, Aug. 19th, instead of August 26th, as was first intended. Mrs. Van Dusen has kindly consented to give a railing at 11 A. M. The teachers of the other Commissioner's Districts are cordially invited to attend.

By ORDER OF COM.

Sandy Creek Fair.

The nineteenth annual fair of the Sandy Creek, Richland, Orwell and Boylston Agricultural Society will be held at Sandy Creek on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, September 6th, 7th and 8th, 1876. The premium list is published and is unusually full and attractive. There will be a balloon ascension, fine trotting, baby show, etc.

All you who think of buying a carriage, buggy or wagon, be sure and go to Geo. Penfield's, and see his stock and learn his prices before purchasing elsewhere. You will be surprised to learn how low his prices are. Just give him a call.

Letter from Kansas.

MR. EDITOR:—I have received numerous inquiries in regard to the Distribution advertised in your paper during the past few weeks by the Kansas Land and Immigrant Association. To save time and the trouble of answering each in detail, I desire to say to all interested, that the association is chartered by authority of the State of Kansas, for the purpose of promoting immigration to the State, and that, in furtherance of this object, proposes to distribute, by lot, to its patrons prizes amounting to the princely sum of \$770,800. They will have two drawings. In the Main, or Grand Drawing, they will award 2,664 prizes, ranging from \$50 up to \$75,000 each. In the Special Drawing they will award 100,000 prizes, ranging from \$1.00 up to \$10,000.00 each. The Special drawing is designed as commissions for agents and the tickets are given free to those who make up clubs or purchase two or more Shares in the Main Drawing.

The price of Shares or Tickets in the Main Drawing is \$5.00 each. For \$10.00 they will send two shares in the Main Drawing and one ticket free in the Special Drawing. All persons investing \$10, and securing three chances, will secure at least one prize, as there are no blanks in the Special Drawing.

The Board of Managers were selected from among the most prominent men of the State, and have the confidence and support of all classes of our citizens. They have all been more or less connected with the public affairs of the State, and their character and standing in the community is a sufficient guarantee that the distribution will be fairly and impartially made. I can state most positively that the drawing will take place at the time stated—August 25th. The Kansas Immigrant, giving full particulars of the Enterprise, its objects and purposes, with endorsements and references of the highest character, and information regarding the State of Kansas, will be sent free to all who may desire it.

All remittances for shares, or letters of inquiry, addressed to the undersigned, will receive prompt attention.

S. M. STUCKLEN, Sec'y.

Atchison, Kansas.

Ladies! Ladies!!

Read the notice of "No Boiling" in this week's edition.

Think for Yourself.

Thousands lead miserable lives suffering from dyspepsia, a disordered stomach and liver, producing biliousness, heartburn, costiveness, weakness, irregular appetite, low spirits, raising food after eating, and often ending in fatal attacks of fever. THEY KNOW THEY ARE SICK, yet get little sympathy. The unfailing remedy, which is yearly restoring thousands, is Dr. Foster's Kidney Cure. Sold by E. L. Huntington, Druggist, Mexico, N. Y.

A 25c bottle will convince you of its merits. Don't delay another hour after reading this, but go and get a bottle, and your relief is as certain as you live. Will you do it, or will you continue to suffer? Think for yourself!

Professor Parker's Pleasant Worm Syrup is perfectly safe and extremely palatable. No physic required. Costs 25 cents. Try it.

Hurrah for the Bakery.

In order to lessen the expense for regular customers, I will now exchange 12 tickets for a dollar greenback. Each ticket good for 1 loaf of Bread or its equivalent in other bakery food. Figure on it and satisfy yourselves that it is cheaper than you can bake, and buy all your bread at the Bakery. Groceries at bottom prices.

JOHN WHYBORN.

Good News for Sportsmen.

There has not been known in years so many ducks as will be found in our markets, and as the law passes off Sept. 1st on them, you can get more shooting with a Remington Green Loading Shot Gun than any other Gun worth three times as much. Get ready for the sport.

COBB BROS.

Don't Blame Them.

Our competitors are trying hard to keep away from our store the great rush. Please, don't blame them, as you all well know that our usual prices are half what they are elsewhere. Then look out now, as we open to close out our stock for 30 days, in order to make room for our great fall and winter stock. We shall sell Clothing and Boots at your own prices. Please, remember this sale is only for 30 days, commencing from today, August 1. Don't mistake the store, M. LAY, Pulaski, N. Y.

The Sign of the Flag.

Wonderful Success!

It is reported that BOSCHER'S GERMAN SYRUP has, since its introduction in the United States, reached the immense sale of 40,000 dozen per year. Over 6,000 Druggists have ordered this medicine direct from the Factory, at Woodbury, N. J., and not one have reported a single failure, but every letter speaks of its astonishing success in curing severe Coughs, Colds, settled on the breast, Consumption, or any disease of Throat and Lungs. We advise any person that has any predisposition to weak Lungs, to go to their druggist, John C. Taylor, and get this medicine, or inquire about it. Regular size, 75 cents; sample bottle 10 cents. Two doses will relieve any case. Don't neglect your cough.

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RETAIL PRICES OF GRAIN, FLOUR AND FEED:
Flour, (retail) Spr'g \$6.75, red \$7.25, white \$8.00
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Shipments, ½ ton, 18
Middlings, ½ ton, 22
Corn, 55
Oats, 30 @ 35

PRICES PAID FOR FARM PRODUCE:
Butter, 18 @ 20
Loose Butter, 16 @ 18
Cheese, 6 @ 9
Lard, 15
Eggs, ½ doz, 15
Beef, ½ cwt, 05 @ 14
Mutton, ½ cwt, 80 @ 87
Pork, ½ barrel, retail, 82
Pork, ½ cwt, 80 @ 87
Apples, (dried,) ½ lb, 06
Ham, ½ lb, 14
Dressed Poultry, ½ lb, 10 @ 12
Potatoes, ½ bush, 50
Beef Hides, per lb, 4 @ 5

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—In pursuance of an order of T. W. Skinner, Surrogate of Oswego County, notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against Morris S. Kimball, late of the Town of Volney, in said county, deceased, to present their accounts, with the vouchers thereof, to the subscriber, at her residence, in said town, before the twenty-second day of November, 1876, or they will lose the benefit of the statute in such case made and provided.—Dated May 22, 1876.

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